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NAPOLEON.

A Tragedy.

—IN—

A Prologue and Five Acts.

—BY—

AVLYS RICHMOND.

1875.

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Author's Prefatory Note.

In the theory that Napoleon was simply inspired by the belief that he was the child of destiny, there is hardly enough, to my mind, to reconcile the strange events and many inconsistencies of his remarkable career. I have therefore assumed that he was possessed of no less an hallucination than, that, as the peculiar child of destiny his course was directed, or rather *suggested* by an actual presiding deity whom he personified as Fate. To her he conceived that he bore something of the same relation as Achilles to Thetis, though recognising in Fate one possessed of no less power than Jove himself. I prefer the word *suggested* as it is hardly in keeping with the character of Napoleon that he would have submitted to more than this even from the Immortals.

The affection of Napoleon for Josephine is proverbial, and it is hardly necessary for me to affirm that perhaps there is no recorded instance of a higher or tenderer love between man and wife, and yet, love, the strongest passion of humanity, in which the soul reaches nearest to the Infinite, was made to yield to what would certainly have been a lower incentive, had he not believed that all heaven and earth stood in waiting for his action.

I have, it will be discovered, antedated and crowded events, and entirely ignored many of the most remarkable events and characters connected with Napoleon's career. To the Directors, Barras, Gohier and Moulins, I have attributed all the conspiracies that appear in the play. Eugene de Beauharnais, whose age is advanced, did not return with Junot and Joseph Bonaparte when the standards and Bulletin were sent to the Directory as appears in the play but remained with Bonaparte. These, and other obvious deviations from historical accuracy will, it is trusted, not diminish the pleasure the author hopes the reader will find in this production. In the main it is true to history.

The author claims that the tragic ending of act V is not far from the actual history of the death of The Empress Josephine, for the divorce was certainly the death knell of her happiness and the cloud that first dimmed and finally obscured the star of Napoleon.

To secure as early publication as circumstances required it was found necessary to omit the foot notes and appendix, in which due credit is given where the author feels indebted.

AVLYS RICHMOND.

Dramatis Personæ.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE—the General of France, afterwards
EMPERIOR NAPOLEON I.
EUGENE deBEAUHARNAIS.
JOSEPH BONAPARTE.
LUCIEN BONAPARTE.
COMPTE deBARRAS.
CARNOT.
GOHIER.
MOULINS.
LAREVEILLIERE LEPEAUX.
LETOURNEUR.
REWBELL.
RAGIDEAU.
MARQUIS MANFREDINI.
AUGEREAU.
ORIANI.
LE GROS.
POPE PIUS VII.

JOSEPH MARIE ROSA deTACHER de laPAGERIE, afterwards
VISCOUNTESS de BEAUHARNAIS, afterwards
EMPRESS JOSEPHINE.
MARY, the sister of Josephine.
PRINCESS AUGUSTA.
HORTENSE de'BEAUHARNAIS.
EUPHEMIA, a Sibyl.

Three members of the Council of the Five Hundred.
1st Citizen, 2nd Citizen.
1st, 2nd, and 3rd Negroes—a Negress—1st, 2nd and 3rd Secretaries—Carbon—St. Rejeant—Limoelan—a little girl—Prelates—Members of Bonaparte Family—Lady attendants—Citizens—Soldiers—Courtiers—Pages —Servants.

PROLOGUE.

MARTINIQUE.

A magnificent bower looking out upon the sea. Inland, the background at first gently undulating, rises to majestic mountains.

Looking through the bower the placid surface of the water is discovered sparkling in the sunlight, while at the entrance is suspended a silken hammock, beautifully ornamented with flowers.

Upon the opening of the scene, is discovered a party of negroes in conversation.

ENTER EUPHEMIA.

She advances to the centre of the stage, stares wildly around, and then looks up towards the clouds.

Euphemia. But yesterday a heavy sky!
The clouds hung dark and ominous o'erhead,
To-day how beautiful! And to-morrow!
Ah! Ah!

First Negro (*approaching.*)
What have the stars to say for me?

Euphemia. The stars are hid from mortal eyes to-day.
Too bright a sun shuts out the great beyond
No less than heavy clouds.

First Negro. But cannot you see
Beyond clouds or sun?

Euphemia. Ah! who can see
The great futurity?

First Negro. Then I will go.

Euphemia. Stay! let me look into your hand.
A happy life awaits you, live in hope.
Only a few dark days, and then,

First Negro. What then?

Euphemia. Wait patiently and you shall see.

Second negro advances and puts out his hand.

Euphemia, Black as your heart! Begone!

He steals away.

All. Aha! Aha!
Third negro advances.

Euphemia. Mingling together in unwholesome veins,
Bad blood of two becomes worse blood of one.
A life all chequered with the bad and worse!
A fate alternately relieved by joy
And pain.

A Young Negress approaches, Euphemia takes her hand, gazes into it. Then looks into her eyes. Then without speaking leads her to the first negro, and, putting her hand in his:

Euphemia. Your fates are one!

Whereupon all the negresses rush to have their fortunes told, and old Euphemia throws up both hands, and, catching sight of the approaching Josephine, [*Exeunt.*]

ENTER JOSEPHINE.

Attired in a robe of pure white, her wonderful wealth of hair falls gracefully about her shoulders.

Josephine Fair sylvan bower! O can there be beside thee
So lovely a spot in all the realms of earth?
What magic pow'r could give such beauty birth?
Such forms and colors exquisite, provide thee?
Thou dreamy scene ot happy childhood's vision;
Shrine of delights supreme! Sublime Elysium!

Beneath my feet thy richest carpets spread,
Of green and gold, with bright hued flowers blending,
And, as each petal yields its silvery tips
Of morning dew, and opes its tiny lips
To drink the sunlight, sweetest fragrance sending
On every breath that rises from its bed,
Celestial then, the bird songs overhead,
With Aeol's softened cadences attending!

The heaven kissing mountains rise behind thee,
O'er whose grand heights the sun first peeps to find thee,
Then rushes down in warm embrace to bind thee,
Divinely tinting ere he will resign thee.

On either side, the enchanted woodland lies,
Old fabled labyrinthine mysteries,
Home of bright fays and goblin histories.

Above, what grotesque shapes of beauty race
Through the etherial azure depths of heaven!
And, as the orb of day sinks in the west,
Kissing the silv'ry wavelets sparkling crest,
What crystal splendor to the sea is given!
What tints sublime! What matchless colors grace
Those Glory Pictures of mysterious space;
Bright ruby forms bathing in clouds of pearl,
Resting so gracefully in Golden World!

How nature lavishly her gifts bestows!
But list!
Who comes to break upon my revery?

RE-ENTER EUPHEMIA.

Who upon coming into the presence of Josephine, catches a view of her countenance, at first seems to writhe in violent contortions, then her face assumes an expression of wonder and astonishment. Taking her by the hand she gazes into its palm, then lifts her large eyes with a searching expression to the face of Josephine who in the meantime is laughing heartily.

Josephine. What is so wonderful, Grim prophetness?

Euphemia. Oh wonderful indeed! Most wonderful!

Josephine. Bad fortune is't, or good?

Euphemia. Ah who can tell what's good or bad for us?
Your hand bodes evil, but your face
As plainly speaks of happiness! Yes, great
And lofty happiness!

Josephine. How cautious!
'Tis best when one seeks not to be entrapped,
Yet some great story wonderful would tell,
Having not even semblance of the truth.
But, proceed grave oracle!

Euphemia. I dare not
Speak to you more plainly! Oh pardon me!
Let me leave you!

Josephine Stay! I command you speak!
Since you my curiosity would whet,
You shall tell on, if good or bad it be!
You go not from my presence till I hear
This strange hallucination through and through.

Euphemia. Well, since you order it, I must obey—
I must obey!
Your countenance does tell
That destiny has sealed for you a fate
Which, struggle though you may, cannot be changed!
Soon you will wed. And ah! alas! how soon
Again husbandless! And then!

Josephine. Then! What then!

Euphemia. You shall be Queen of France! Yes more than queen!
And then, glorious life! Happiest days

Shall bless you! A mighty Emperor shall share
With you his crown; whose power will o'ertop
The highest pinnacle that the great throne
Of France has ever reached unto!
[*looks in hand*]
But ah! Alas! misfortune then will come,
And you more swiftly will be hurled down
From your proud eminence than you arose.
But loved more fondly in the day of death
Than ever yet before, you will be mourned
By all the world! [*rushes away.*]

Josephine. [Laughing] Good bye! Poor old insane Euphemia!
Next time more pliant disposition seek,
One who kneels at superstition's shrine,
If thou wouldst win a name for prophecy. [laughing]
Queen of France! Queen of France!
The Queen of France!
[Goes to hammock and reclines in it].
[*Musing.*] "Fate—Queen of France—Yes more than Queen!
And then glorious life! Happiest days
Shall bless you! A mighty Emperor shall share
With you his crown! whose power will o'ertop
The highest pinnacle that the great throne
Of France has ever reached unto!
But ah! Alas!" [*Agitated.*]
No! I'll not believe it!
Why do I listen to my silly tongue,
Allowing it to prattle o'er the words
Of mad Euphemia's prophecy?

ENTER MARY, *bearing Josephine's Guitar.*

I am too happy seeing you my Love!
My darling sister! But you come too late
To witness what to me was ludicrous
Beyond expression.

Mary. Sister may I know
What so provokes your mirthfulness?

Josephine. Oh yes,
A prophecy of old Euphemia.
Tis a strange story and I will tell you,
But not now. Take my guitar, darling, and
Sing to me. [*Mary sings*]

THE APPARITION.

Josephine awakes, comes down from hammock.

Josephine. Where! Where am I?
My hammock? Martinique? This is not France!
Oh that dream! That dream! That dream!

ENTER MARY.

Mary. My Sister! Josephine! Josephine!

Josephine. Oh, Mary I've endured an hundred deaths,
And untold happiness in the same dream.
Felt the bitterest pangs of suffering,
And tasted joys more sweet than tongue can tell.

Mary. Tell me, tell me darling Josephine,
What has so cruelly o'ertaken you.
Your sister fain would know and help to bear
This sorrow. Tell me! Tell me Love!
Dear Josephine! impart to me your dream
And let me suffer with you.

Josephine. Ah! you know
That cheerfully I would to you convey
My every thought of happiness or woe:
That I have ever, ever shared with you
My confidence, my dearest secret thought,

——o——

After singing, Mary goes to the hammock and finds Josephine (dummy) asleep, her face turned toward the sea. She retires, without disturbing her, into the wood.
And, as sweet music is heard in the distance, the Apparition is discovered through the bower as if rising out of the sea:—

1st. Wedding ceremonial of Josephine and Alexander de Beauharnais.
2nd. Josephine and Beauharnais with Eugene and Hortense.
3rd. Beauharnais under the guillotine.
4th. Wedding of Josephine and Bonaparte.
5th. Coronation Scene.
6th. Parting of Josephine and Bonaparte.

That from my soul I love you as I would
Find love in heaven. But do you forget
That from my youth I never could recall
The simplest action of the brain in sleep?

In dim outline my dreams somtimes return,
But when that, I would grasp or give them shape
They vanish from before me, and I see
Only th'incorporeal air—
Oh it seems an age since last I saw you,
And as I waked it was as If I passed
From out another world, speeding o'er land
And sea, as winged upon the winds, I sought
Our earth, my home, our blessed Martinique.
A wizard told me once
That sometime I should see and understand
My dreams. But did not say if in this life
Or in the next. Oh God! delay that time
If come it must, till I have passed this soul
To thee! Or give to me more strength than now
I have to bear up under suffering!

Mary. Oh my sister!

Josephene. Mary speak not of this!
'Tis not well to lend too much our sorrows.
Help me to overcome this soul sickness,
And let us trust to Him who doeth well
All things.

Exeunt.

A STORM.

A Storm is heard approaching in the distance. It grows nearer and nearer, then clouds pass over the sea, as seen through the bower, followed by lightening and deep rolling thunder.

CURTAIN FALLS.

ACT I.

Seventeen Years are supposed to have elapsed.

PARIS.

SCENE FIRST.

PALACE HEADQUARTERS OF

GEN.-IN-CHIEF, BONAPARTE

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE IS DISCOVERED ATTENDED BY A SOLDIER WHO WITHDRAWS.

Bonaparte. Tis said that waen these eyes first saw the light,
They gazed upon a piece of tapestry,
Whereon were painted Iliad's tragic scenes,
And that my father, on the bed of death
Recurring to this circumstance of birth,
Made honorable mention ot my name,
And said, "Napoleon's sword shall one day rule
And triumph o'er all Europe's haughty pride!"
How has this thought coursed ever through my brain!
Dear childhood! Glorious youth! What memories
Linger now with you! What wondrous visions
Hover over you, of future greatness
And immortal fame! How adown the years
The one great thought of *power* reigns supreme!
—How do the boundless resources of soul,
Armed with this thought, cry onward! Ever on!

Why should I doubt its inspiration's source,
When in my dreams it rings out as a voice
Forth from the lips of the great goddess Fate?
—Odd years do intervene
Between her visits on my natal hour,
Yet each recuring year adds one more star
Unto the crown She holds above my head.
—Seven and three, twice three, and seven, and three,—
The divination of a unity!!
I'll doubt no more! *Jacta Est Alea!*
Thou supreme goddess! Fate, my mother, hail!
Lo! let the firm alliance now be sealed!
Lead on! Lead on!
About it now good brain!
Thou never resting! We are dauntless now!
Conceive and She shall help to execute
The Indomitable will!
[A noise of quarrelling and strife without.]
(*Enter a soldier of the guard.*)

Soldier. General, a youth in hot impatience
Waits without, demanding quick admission.

Bonaparte. Demanding? Well, his name!

Soldier. Eugene de'Beauharnais.

Bonaparte. Admit him! Stay! Let him be attended.

ENTER EUGENE, *attended by soldiers.*

Bonaparte. What brings you here?
Your business must be urgent since you knock
So loudly for admission.

Eugene. Urgent indeed, thou vicegerent of death!
For at the hands of this base government
We have received such wrongs, as loudly call
For honest reparation or revenge!
And at the bar of God will louder call,
For, pay as best you can, you cannot pay
The price that He puts on a single soul!
My mother claims a husband at your hands.
She has a son and daughter who both claim

A father, murdered by your damned decree!
Oh hell! Ope wide your jaws and swallow up
The hideous monsters who now prey on France!

Bonaparte. Ah! Dare you to say
That the Republic *murdered* your father?

Eugene. Ay! more, I dare! For what now can I lose?
Thousands, of the noblest blood
That e'er gave strength to France, were by this same
Republic which you praise, untimely sent
To moulder in their graves! The very earth
Grew sick, being so forced to over-feed
On human carcases!
But come I not
To plead for France, or for my father who
Now rests, thank God, beyond your wicked power.
I claim my father's sword which recently
Four soldiers forced away. For it was mine,
And on it I have sworn to be like him
Who nobly bore it in his country's cause.
My mother bade me take that oath
And I will keep it sacred while I live!

Bonaparte. But what have you to plead,
Why the great mandates of your country should,
In your case more than others, be ignored?,

Eugene. That which should be a nation's gratitude,
To one who ever valiently did fight,
On many bloody, hard contested fields,
In her defense, and who at last was slain,
To appease the wrath of her most deadly
And inveterate enemies!
That just right of protection which belongs
To those who are the widows, daughters, sons,
Of the defenders of their country's cause!
Why, Sir, the spirit of true chivalry
Robs not the dead, nor strikes a fallen foe,
But, to his widow and his orphans, gives
As strong an arm as to his own dear rights,

Why gave you up my father's property,
And held it not as lawful confiscate,
If that he was a traitor, worthy death?
And now you take his sword?
What greater right to it than to his lands,
The which already are surrendered to
My mother, and my father's lawful heirs?
What *value* is to *you* this sword?
On *whom* would you presume to buckle it?
'Twill weigh him down! Oh it will weigh him down!
Not in the confines of the Republic
Could be found one who would be worthy of 't.!
On him who sought to wield it 'twould return,
Like the unmanageable boomerang,
Rather than serve the purposes of those
Who murdered its true master!

Bonaparte. But should I give to you your father's sword,
Which you now come to gain, will you consent
To take an oath that you will use
And wear it only in your country's cause?

Eugene. Why should I take a double oath?

If one were virtuless, what greater power
Would bind me in the second? Said I not,
That on my father's sword, before high heaven,
I promised to my mother I would be
Like him? And who will dare to say that he,
My noble father, was a traitor? Who
Will show a brighter purer record, of
A life so wholly given to defend
His country? This same France that wickedly
Has murdered him! Or think you that an oath
Would record find in heaven, given to you,
And one before *my mother* be refused?

Bonaparte. Your mother certainly must be
A very virtuous good old lady.

Eugene. My mother is both virtuous and good!
Too good and pure that, from her eyes,
Heartless and wicked men should cause to flow

Such very floods of tears!
Was't not enough
That they should murder my poor father?
But now they make to bleed afresh the wounds,
By robbing us of that which was his pride,
Our only sure defense!

Bonaparte. Have you no fear?
That with such bold vehemence you upbraid
The rulers of great France?

Eugene. General, I had just returned
From St. Germain; And when I saw
A vacant place upon the wall where once
Did hang my father's sword—and too was told
How in base mockery and sacrilege
It had thence been ta'en—
And when my mother's weeping eyes, blanch'd cheeks
And trembling form confronted me, I rushed
Out in the street and swore I'd have that sword
Or die in fighting for't?
These arms are weak, Sir, very weak,
Save in my mother's cause, and then I feel
Strong as Hercules! Knowing least of fear!

Bonaparte. Come to my arms, thou noble! noble youth!
Happy mother, what else so ere betide!
Whom gracious heaven has blessed with such a son!
Happy the land that claims thee for her own!
Oh! thou shouldst have thy father's sword
Though all the powers of hell environed it! !
Bring forth Beauharnais' sword
(*Exit soldier who returns bearing the sword.*)
There, I will buckle it upon thy thigh!
Now, go and bless thy mother with the sight
Of a most noble and most worthy son!
But stay! one moment, tell thy mother
That 'twas not Bonaparte that murdered him,
Whose name she bears, but Bonaparte now craves
A boon, an audience with the mother who
Could bless the earth with such a son as thou.

Eugene. (*kissing sword*) Oh, General! 'tis well to lose
Else should we not know how sweet it is to find.

[*exit*]

Bonaparte. Ah! 'Tis too true!
Too true the story of this noble youth!
France has passed through that unnatural fire
Which well nigh has consumed her gold, and left
But miserable dross!

She had drained the intoxicating cup
Of liberty, and it had made her mad!
But the royal blood of her own children,
Of which she drank so freely, at last cooled
Her burning mania.

Oh, Fate! Thou goddess of my soul!
Lead on thy son until he reach that height
Where-unto he would climb!

RE-ENTER SOLDIER.

Bonaparte. This to the Directory! Miscarry at your peril!

[*exit soldier.*]

Carnot is true as steel!
I like not Barras, nor will I trust him.
That man whose greatest satisfaction is
Severity and persecution
To his enemies, can have no friend so dear
But who if not subservient to him
In his basest ends, he'll sacrifice.
Though he your shoe may buckle day by day,
'Tis only that you wear it out for him.
But make one step aside and you are lost,
If he can ruin you.
Barras befriends me
Since I did help him on to his renown,
But let my service cease, farewell Barras!

Carnot is noble, and to him I go
For my commission into Italy.
Give me sweet fame! Sweet fame! oh Italy!
And I will soon erase remembrance sad
Of the thirteenth Vendemiaire.

ENTER A SOLDIER.

Soldier. The Viscountess de Beauharnais
Requests an audience.

Bonaparte. Admit her!

ENTER JOSEPHINE.

Josephine. General Bonaparte,
I come to pay that tribute which belongs
To him who saw more touching eloquence
In youthful words and face, than soldiers saw
In woman's tears. And in the name of him
Who once so honorably bore the sword
Which you have generously returned to us,
His widow and his orphans, I thank you!
And if the vehemence and fire of youth
Suggested bitter words in our Eugene,
Consider but his cue for passion, and
From his mother's heart accept regret,
For much I fear was spoke in anger.

Bonaparte. Viscountess deBeauharnais,
Too well I know the justice of the cause
For which he spoke to censure him. Rather
Would I praise his noble heroism.
Through wreck of empire and the clouds of war
How few are left of all the pride of France!

Josephine. Such generous pardon
I did scarce expect. For truth, undisciplined
To gentle words, urged on by outraged justice
And impetuous youth, though it be truth,
May give offense, stepping beyond the bounds
Of that true courtesy which indeed belongs
Even to passion. I can hardly hope
But that Eugene spoke hastily, and owes
A just apology, the which would I
Most cheerfully and humbly pay for him.

Bonaparte. Too proud am I for France,
In that she should have left a son,
Who dares plead eloquently for the right

Against a fearful odds, nor counting costs.
Apologies from Eugene! Rather say
From France that has so basely dealt with those
Who most deserve her favors.

Josephine But did he not accuse you General,
As one being now in power?

Bonaparte. "The military
Is but the automaton of nations,
Subject to a higher power. Controlled
And set to work at pleasure.
The soldier only knows obedience
Though it should lead him to the cannon's mouth."
Eugene well knew this and his charges laid
With words well seasoned at the proper door;
For which most truly do I honor him.
And, by your gracious leave and his consent,
Would help him to preferments from the which
He may have opportunity to show
To France and all the world, nobility
And lofty genius.

Josephine. Humbly do I thank you!
You have to-day won a great victory
O'er woman's will. For I did firm resolve
That never more in France I would have hope
For truth, for honor, or for happiness.
O save our country, and in tribute we,
Your subjects, will forever, ever bless you!
[*offers to go*]

Bonaparte. Stay! One moment, pardon me!
Madam, give me but leave to be your guest
And, though in France you find but little hope,
You may find honorable friendship in
Her General.

Josephine. For such distinguised honor
I should only be too grateful.
[*offers to go*]

Bonaparte. One moment more! You are unattended,

My guard awaits your service.

Josephine. For which I thank you!
But, General you forget my schooling.
The woman who could pass through Robespiere's reign
Has little of that feeling now called fear.
Still less with Bonaparte, Chief General.
[*exit*]

Bonaparte. Nay! Nay! It cannot be a dream!
For not in brightest realm of dreams was ere
Beheld such loveliness!
O, if in any corner
Of the globe thou canst be found, I'll have thee,
Though it cost all France!
—All France! O beggars gift!
Crowns, scepters, power will I add to it,
Till all the world shall do thee homage!
Thou shalt ne'er weep, the clouds alone shall weep,
On earth a universal happiness
Because thou shalt be queen!
Lands, rivers and great oceans shall be thine,
Each vieing which shall yeild thee choicest gems!
From unknown climes, birds shall bring sweetest flowers,
—And gentle falling dews distill therefrom
Divinest exhalations! rare perfumes!
Great ships I'll send, seeking delicious fruits
From coast to coast, returning full for thee!
Only when thou dost sleep the sun shall shine,
For when thou wak'st there'll be no need of sun;
Nor, in thy beauty's light, even when thou sleep'st!
Oh, insufficiency!!
Thou shouldst have heaven! A coronet of stars!

SCENE II.

THE DIRECTORY.

CARNOT, BARRAS, LAREVEILLIERE, LEPEAUX, REWBELL, LETOURNEUR.

REWBELL PRESIDING.

Rewbell. Citizen Directors!
Again have we assembled in the name
And by the vested power of the Republic.
Let only wisdom's counsels here prevail,
That all the land may safety see in us.
Yet tenderly we'll nurse our infant state
Through all the episodes of growing strength;
Happy childhood, ambitious youth, and too
That full grown, noble manhood, which but ends
In honorable virtuous old age.
We are but yet a bold experiment,
Which oft before has wrought a sad defeat.
Let not our children write upon our tombs,
These were the fathers who but vainly sought
To give to the republic longer life.
But to forego a formal, opening speech,
Consuming time which is so precious now,
Tis well we fall to work.
Citizen Director Carnot,
Have you report to make touching the strength
And disposition of our armies? We are
In waiting for't if so be.

Carnot. Citizen President and directors!
As last reported, all goes slowly on.
Tis well I think that we do quickly make
Some changes in our officers, and add
New levies to our wasting armies.
The very fate of the Republic hangs
On instant action. Ere it is too late
We must move on.
There is one change that I am well convinced
Both wisdom and true policy will urge;
And, though it were my brother's fall, I'd say

The great Republic calls, we must obey.
I speak of our command in Italy.

And now a brief review of that campaign,
I will not trace the detailed history
Of that unfruitful, indecisive war
Which for the last four years France has maintained
Against the Austrian and Sardinian arms—
Too well is known to all of you our loss,
Too palpable our national disgrace.
Year, by year we have barely met the foe,
On narrow battle fields, mid deep defiles
Of towering Alps, and neath the craggy feet
Of the Liguran Apennines—met,
But not vanquished—only exchanged our blows
For blows which we received. Till now,
An army, weak, and miserably clad,
Without provisions wholesome e'en for brutes,
Relaxed in discipline, ambitionless,
Cursing their country, and no less themselves,
For its neglect, their own torpidity,
Five and thirty thousand of such men as these
And an imbecile for general
Are all that now is left to us, of what
Was once a noble army of brave men.
Now look around you! What have we to meet?
England, Austria, Bavaria, Piedmont,
Naples, and some minor States of Germany
And Italy—All joined to Austria's league.
The Key is Italy,
Held by the army of Beaulieu,
Sixty thousand brave well marshalled men.
What follows?
Shall we retain as General, Scherer,
Because there is no bold apparent crime
On which to bring an accusation?
What greater crime can generals commit
Than failure? Wouldst measure calamities?
—Then which is easier withstood,
An army treasonably surrendered,

Or an army lost through imbecility?
No less we need, Directors,
Than one who can at once inspire with life
And a new courage give our broken troops,
With *genius* to command and lead them on
To victory! And have we such a man?
Yes! Yes! One whose genius is as plainly stamped
As stars are plain in Heaven! Brave as Achilles!
Cool, calculating, and yet burning with
Intrepid valor in his country's cause!
Ready to lead her armies, though it be
Across a very continent of foes!
The conquerer of Toulon!
The great defender of the convention!
Napoleon Bonaparte!
With all due courtesy to others views,
I do most firmly advocate a step
Deposing General Scherer, and his place
Give o'er to Bonaparte.

Lepaux. Citizen Directors!
Let us guard well lest those may be deposed
Whom circumstances have combined against,
And though possessing ample skill at arms,
Have made short progress.

Barras. Citizen President and worthy Colleagues!
The very force and weight of argument
Of worthy citizen Carnot must be
To all apparent. France long has been disgraced
By sad mismanagement in Italy.
'Tis well we look to it.
Now press on every hand the combined force
Of Austria and her firm allies.
To right, to left, without, within, around
And everywhere, the foes of France are thick!
Like London fog they permeate the whole
Expanse of Heaven and earth!
Sleeping or waking we are beset with spies,
Our councils filled with foul distempered knaves,
Our people by old feuds held separate,

Sowing germs of discord quick'd i' the sun
At every noon to some new faction!
Who knows but by tomorrow's dawn,
We shall find safety only in defense
Or flight, from some self constituted power
Like that of the thirteenth Vendemiaire?
We stand too long fearing lest we offend!
The times demand quick action, let's amend!
The key of Austria's strength is Italy!
The key of our success is Italy!
Then let us strike the foe in Italy!
First bring we home this Scherer, long worn out,
A rank offense to France and to our arms,
Supplant him with our Bonaparte, and give
Young "Achilles" a field wherein to work.
Then shall proud Austria and her allies feel
What 'tis to meet the Great Republic's steel!

Letourmur. Citizen Directors.
Do we forget, our hero's but a youth
Compared to those whose whose fame is no less great,
Who have grown gray in honorable service!
The Corsican in truth deserves great praise:
But is not Italy too heavy weight
For strength so tender? Why, look you I pray,
He is scarce twenty-five!
Now if so great importance be attached
To what is wrought in Italy, are we,
Are we to send a stripling to command?
Oh let us act with that discretion which,
The great Directory of France should have!
Nor let our admiration for one deed,
Though meetest for reward, betray
Us into rashness!

Carnot. Aye! Almost as young, good Letourneur,
As Alexander! Scipio! or Conde!
Why, worthy Sir, our Bonaparte has seen
A quarter of a century!

Rewbell. Pres. Citizen, Directors;
Our subject is too weighty

To find disposal in so short a time.
I pray you now give o'er debate until
We next convene. Meantime reflect, as well
Becomes the step we are about to take.
Exuent all but Barras.

B*arras* Yes, yes, the best place for "young Achilles"
Is Italy. Pray God he'll not return!
I help him to preferments, and the score
But quits if I do help to pull him down.
We'll send him where he may become
A willing sacrifice for his country—
Yes, yes, he shall be cooped in Italy.
I'll see that he has few fresh levies—
For 'tis not politic to force a draft
On discontented brawling multitudes,
Much less in a new government.
The people would revolt *en masse*, and give
More trouble than the foreign foe. Well put!
I'll improve upon't in the Directory
To Italy then, "Achilles!"
Oh Beaulieu! have care for "Achilles!"
Barras sends greeting thee! young "Achilles!"
Exit.

SCENE III.

DRAWING ROOM OF VISCOUNTESS de BEAUHARNAIS.

Josephine, Barras and Augusta with party of ladies and gentlemen in conversation. Bonaparte at one side.

[*Exit all but Bonaparte and Josephine.*]

Bonaparte. Your pardon Madam!
Twas not through want of due respect
For those your friends, or you, that I was so
Oblivious to their presence or departure.
Your chart of Italy is most correct,
Though small, as I have learned of it.
When overwhelmed in thought it is my fault
That I too oft neglect the courtesy
That rightfully is due to—

Josephine. You certainly are quite excusable!
For, in these days, those who protect our land
Have little time for social intercourse.

Bonaparte. Most true. Most. true
And yet the object of my visit here
Is of a nature least akin to war.
But to dispose of prefatory speech
I will at once reveal myself.
I am in love.

Josephine. Not always least akin to war,
Good General, and quite as often brings
Its victims least of peace. But may I know,
Since you already volunteer so much,
The one so highly honored with the love
Of Toulon's conquerer, the General of France?

Bonaparte. With all my heart as all my heart is yours!
Madame, I demand your surrender!
Be my wife!

Josephine. "Is it a jest you indulge?"

Bonaparte. Look I as one who jests? My life has been
As restless ever as a storm tossed sea!
Seeking something it could not find!

Seeking what it knew not, yet feeling
As if it were no more than half itself.
I said, "it is ambition." Sought for fame,
And easily obtained it. Yet a thirst,
Burning and torturing me ceaslessly,
Was unquenched.
Above the clang
Of clashing steel, and din of frightful war,
Still came a Soul cry yet unsatisfied,
When, like an apparition, all unbid
Thou didst appear, dear Empress of my soul!
—In silence looks the Supreme Goddess down,
Still beckoning me on to other fields—
Lo! in defiance of all power, above,
Beneath, I claim yor hand, and at your feet
Will prostrate all! Aye, even to a world!

Josephine. Though to surrender I should be inclined,
Who knows but fate unfortunately steps
Between me and your terms?

Bonaparte. Fate! Can it be
She appears to her? (aside)

Josephine. Yes fate, my General.
But of this let us speak no more.
Enough that fate forbids that I should be
The wife of General Bonaparte.

Bonaparte. Madame! Would you trifle
With me?

Josephine. No! No! I am most serious.
In Martinique a prophetess foretold
My fortune. So far her words oracular
Have been fulfilled; conclude I then, the rest
Will yet be realized.

Bonaparte. Give me her words.

Josephine. "You shall be Queeen of France! Yes more than Queen!
And then, glorious life! Happiest days
Shall bless you! A mighty Emperor shall share
With you his crown: whose power wil o'ertop

The highest pinnacle that the great throne
Of France has ever reached unto!
But ah! Alas! misfortune then will come,
And you more swiftly will be hurled down
From your proud eminence than you arose.
But loved more fondly in the day of death
Than ever yet before, you will be mourned
By all the world!

Bonaparte. To Fate I bid defiance! Be my wife!—
Do you refuse me?

Josepine. General, you are
Cruelly peremptory!

Bonaparte. Nay sweet friend!
I would not be so! Await your pleasure.
And in meantime my constancy shall prove
My homage to the future Queen of France.

ENTER, A PAGE

Page. Le Monsieur Ragideau.

Josephine. (*To Bonaparte.*)
Tis some affair of business I, think.

Bonaparte. Give him an audience, I will retire.
(*Bonaparte retires to a place in the drawing-room, unobserved by Ragideau.*)

Joeephine. Admit Monsieur Ragadeau.
(*Exit page.*)

ENTER RAGIDEAU.

Ragadeau. There is a private matter, not indeed
An affair so much of business, and yet
One which more closely interwoven is
With your prosperity and happiness.
And, now with deference to that which is
Your own prerogative unquestionable,
I should be found unworthy of your trust
As honorable Advocate, should I
Not warn you of so hazardous a step
As that you contemplate in second marriage.
Your friends have looked with great alarm
Upon this change, as one fraught with great
Uncertainty.

Josephine. But my dear Advocate do you,
Do you share with my friends in this alarm?

Ragideau. Yes! Most truly yes!
Madame, you are rich and independent.
Twenty-five thousand francs is no mean sum
To come in yearly. Too much to give away.
You are young, beautiful. Yes beautiful!
I am no flatterer Madame; that you know,
I am your Advocate, and I tell you
You can command who e'er you will.

General Bonaparte may be noble,
Good, generous, brave. He is a soldier,
And poor. He must abide the fate of war.
He must be separate from you, live so,
For 'tis a soldiers lot—*Fame* is not sure.
There are few Cæsers, Alexanders few,
Yet millions have untimely found their graves
Seeking that which few do gain.

Put each of you the same at stake,
The case would then be different.
Ah then the scene would be most beautiful!
Linking your fates to take what is to come.

But in the scale, all else being equal,
Your purse would quite outweigh his sword and hat.

Josephine. But he is honorable, brave, and true!
Worships me as his idol—Have I not
A purse that's strong enough for both?

Ragideau. Let me suppose a case.—You marry—
Children are indeed the fruits of marriage—
Another revolution overthrows
Our government. General Bonaparte
Is conspicuous in the Republic—
His property and yours are confiscated
And you with yours, are left
To do as best you can—perhaps to suffer.
I have not overdrawn my case is good.

And history but proves the instability
Of new, yes, all republics. Besides,
Ever harrassed with fear, the soldiers wife
Knows not whether she be wife or widow.

Josephine. (*Laughinglg*) What think you General
Of my good Advocates advice?

(*Bonaparte comes forward and takes Ragideau by the hand.*)

Bonaparte. Monsieur Ragideau
Has spoken like an honest man, for which
I can but honor him.
I trust his fears may not be realized
And that he will to us give his consent
To continue his good offices. Truly
Can such a man be trusted.

Exuent.

Enter from one side Augusta and Hortense, and from other Eugene with hat and cane.

Eugene. I am glad to meet you.

Hortense. We to meet you!
But brother you surprise us! Why is this?
What does it mean? You promised to remain
And read to us to night,

Eugene. Still we are but
The creatures of our destiny. I am
Required at the headquarters to-night
Of General Bonaparte.

Hortense. Do you know
The cause for which he sends for you?

Eugene. Well no,
And yet I do surmise it is to make
A solider of me.

Augusta and Hortense. A Soldier?

Augusta. No! No!

Eugene. From what he did convey as his his intent,
To my mother and myself, I must think

This is his purpose in sending for me.

Hortense. But dear brother you will not, go?

Eugene crosses to Augusta.

There is something deeper than sisters love.

[*exit.*]

Eugene. Nay Sweetheart! do not be so sad!

Augusto. And will you go even though it is his wish?

Eugene, My will is yours, I have no other, Sweet,
Save when you will less for yourself than me.
The Generals wish is near akin to law---
Yet it may be that I am wrong in what
I have inferred. And still if I be right
Let it not rest so heavy on your heart
We must remember, Love, nay ne'er forget
That sorrow hardly less than this did bring
Me to your side. What *is,* is ever best.

Augusta. Oh, would you leave me for the bauble fame?

Eugene. Leave you? No! No! Nay, not for all the world,
Though it should lie an offering at my feet---
Oh, without you, how empty it would be.
Augusta, I cannot conceive of heaven
Without you.

Augusta. Eugene! Eugene!

Eugene. My Darling,
Hear me! Oh, for a tongue to tell my love!
Impossible! On such a theme all words
Are impotent.

Not long ago I stood
Beside the sea. A distant storm had lashed
The waves into a furious mutiny,
Until they rolled high up upon the beach,
A mountain range of spray, sun kissed to pearls.
Oh, 'twas sublimely beautiful, and yet
It had but little charm for me, Dear love!---

But yesterday I visited the scenes
Of Fontainbleau, its forests and chateau,
Where man and nature join their highest art.
And, as from scene to scene, my eyes did pass
Where other eyes do find such fair delight,
A longing, then as now unutterable,
Filled my breast for you, and all comfortless
I turned away; finding more pleasure in
Drinking the zephyrs wafted from your home.
I measure all, weigh all, count all by you!
The heighth of heaven is measured by my love!
The weight of worlds my love for you out weighs!
And every moment counts as nothing
Or with you.

Augusta. Dear Eugene, I know you love me,
And oh! do you remember that sweet dream
When, sitting on the border of a stream,
I watched the swans so graceful at my feet,
Gliding amid translucent waves,
While the fragrant breath of water-lilies
Lingered with song of birds upon the air,
The while I thought of you, and wished that you
Were by my side? And how a little boat
Turned round the stream's quick curve ere I had wished?
How that you sprang from it to clasp me in
Your arms and press your precious lips to mine?
Until at last, the hour sped, I waked
In parting from you?

Let me tell you now
What followed this a few weeks afterwad.
Not far from where I dreamed there is a lake
Within the body of a lonely park,
And flowing into it there is a stream
Not unlike that my dream disclosed to me.
And this I visited some two months since;
The swans were at my feet, and lilies sweet,
And song of birds, all just as I had seen
Them in my dream, were now reality.
I lifted up my eyes to look for you.
--An empty boat came round the bend!

The agony of that one moment was
An hundred deaths! Eugene thou wilt not go?
Oh God! the empty boat!

Eugene. Dear love, you say,
This was some two months past, yet we have seen
Many sweet hours together since that time.
If this strange circumstance has meaning, 'tis
That, my short absence o'er, I will return
To find with you new joys, as we have had
Since then. Good cheer! good cheer! I may not go,
Yet if I do, 'twill be but to return
And lay my honors at your feet.

Augusta. For your absence what *honor* could repay?
Think you I care for honors? Oh my Love!
I would not have you greater than you are,
Great as the world calls great. To me there is
Nothing so high but that you are above,
Beyond it! Nay I could not wish for aught
I do not find in you! What would you add
Unto your excellence? Come, tell me Love.

Eugene. Would you not see me honored among men,
Commanding armies, wielding sword and pen
Until my fame should reach throughout the world?

Augusta. Those whom men honor are of little worth.
God honors who are nearest like Himself.
For one who rises many sure must fall.
I would not see your greatness builded on
Broken hearts and desolated homes,
And, though your fame should reach throughout the world,
I could not love you more than I do now.
I am content with you just as you are,
And would not have you one jot different.

Eugene. Oh Darling, Darling, would that I could feel
That I were worthy of such love as this!—
Though, 'twas with pride I heard the General speak,
I only saw my future as for you!
Achievment else were hollow mockery—
But come,

You shall know all without delay. Good bye!
Good bye!

(*offers to go.*)

Augusta. Eugene! Eugene! a moment, wait!
There's something tells me we shall not soon meet—
But what though weary months do separate?
There's nothing can separate our souls,
Your spirit will remain with me, and mine
Will follow you where ere you go.
Eugene,
When on the field of battle will you ask
Yourself, ere you decide
To take a step wherein great danger lies?
"What would Augusta have me do?"—And I
Will ever ask, even in smallest matters,
"What would my Eugene counsel?"
Must you go?
I cannot, cannot give you up Eugene!
There are a thousand things that I would say!
I cannot let you go! Farewell!

[*Exit Eugene.*

Eugene! Eugene! (*falls.*)

Curtain Falls

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST.

PARLORS OF MADAME BONAPARTE.

ENTER A PAGE.

Page. Madame Bonaparte
Regrets she cannot give you audience
At once, but begs you will remain until
She comes. Meantime, permit me to serve you.

[*Exit Page. Returns with wine, then exit.*]

Barras. The musty adage of "a prophet's fame"
Does not apply it seems to one who drinks.

Wine deadens, is dull mettled,
Takes hold upon the senses, rocks to sleep.
A sweet sleep! but it lasts too long by half.
The awakening is terrible.
What have we here? Ah! Cognac! By Jove!
Oh thou sparkling beauty! queen of my soul!
Thou giv'st an hundred years in one!

[*Drinks.*]

Married, and off to Italy!
So soon to quit her! oh most cruel speed!
'Tis foulest slander on both sexes this,
That full blown manhood could for such a cause
Give o'er the very paragon of love!
The perfect pattern! nay the Goddess of

Pure symmetry! Ye Gods! for fruit so rich
I'd bid the world good night, and leave to fools
The flimsy glories of uncertain fame!
Wer't mine, this citadel of pleasure,
I'd dwell in it, nor e'er be seen without,
Though all the powers of earth did offer me
An undivided throne!

Patriotism! Bah!
The chameleon dish, well stew'd with fame,
Seasoned all through and through with promises,
Then served with golden spoon of Royalty,
By those in power, to ambitious fools
Whom they would use!

Barras would prize a throne
For what it added unto his desires,
Nor risk too much obtaining it, since now
His cup's well filled! For, for your grave yard glory
He could never find a relish.
Then live ye for the future those who will!
Barras in this life seeks to find his fill.

By Jove! this Bonaparte
Has left rich pasturage for some man's colt!
I will look to't! Who has a better right?
I helped him to his greatness, 'tis but just
He should repay me. I'll prescribe the terms!
My choice of coin! I'll not take the Republic's
But that less circulate of Royalty;
Recently new stamped, but impaired!
Oh, Beaulieu! trip this "Young Achilles"!
And leave to me the sighing widow!

Now to the Directory?----
If Bonaparte do meet success, why then
Twas Barras raised him to his great command!
But if he fall, as fall I pray he may,
Since I do fear this growing Corsican,
Then on poor Carnot's shoulders rests the blame.

And yet before she comes,
A health to young "Achilles"! And yet again

To that which he has left his friend!

ENTER JOSEPHINE.

Josephine. I do regret, Monsieur Barras
To have kept you so long waiting!

Barras. Pardon
The untimely call! The affairs of State,
In these most busy and eventful times,
Demand us unawares.

Josephine. Monsieur,
Have you advice from Italy?

Barras. For this I called.
The General through his brother and ~~Carnot~~, Junot
Sends this to you, who to no other hands
Would trust it than my own, being themselves
Detained. I came at once to you, and beg,
If any further service I can give, (*hands her a letter*)
You will be pleased to grant the happiness
Of such employment.

Josephine. I am most grateful
To you Monsieur, and if I feel the need
Of further favors from such a friendship,
I will be free to acquiant you of it.

[*exit Barras.*]

ENTER AUGUSTA AND HORTENSE.

Hortense. Oh mother more letters!

Josephine. (*reading*)

"My Darling Best of Friends.

My brother will hand you this letter. I cherish for him the most intimate friendship. I trust he will also gain your affection. He deserves it. Nature has gifted him with a tender and inexhaustable good character, he is full of rare qualites—I have received your letters of the 21st—you have indeed for many days forgotten to write to me. What then are you doing? yes my friend I am not exactly jealous but I am sometimes uneasy. Hasten then for I tell you beforehand if you delay I shall be sick—so great exertion combined with your absence is too much—Your letters are the joys of my days, and my happy days are not too many.

Junot takes to Paris twenty two standards. You will come back

with him will you not? Misery without remedy, sorrow without comfort, unmitigated anguish will be my portion if it is my misfortune to see him come back alone, my own adored wife! He will breathe at your shrine, and perhaps you will even grant him the special and unsurpassed privilege of kissing your cheek, and I will be far, far away—You *will* come here, at my side, to my heart. in my arms! Take wings, come! come! Yet journey slowly—the road is long, bad, fatigueing—If some calamity were to happen—If the exertion—Set out at once my beloved one, but travel slowly.

Bonaparte."

Josephine. Oh my own! my own! my soul! my life!
Such letters! every day brings new token
Of his unbounded love! How am I blessed!
Will I come to thee? Ask the tender flower
If it will turn its fair face to the sun
For life and strength! Or God's sweet choristers
The birds, if they will sing for Him who gives
The bright day for their happiness! Even
As the soul would swiftly take its fight unto
The source of its supremest ecstacy,
I come! my love I come!

How keen the edge of sweet expectancy,
And how it pricks us on to realize
What hope holds up to view! Yet, how often
Do we in possession find less joy than
In the dreaming of it ere 'twas ours!
'No, No! Tis not true! This time 'twill not be true,'
We say; and yet how seldom does it fail!

Augusta. Then if indeed most happiness exists
In that expectancy which now precedes
Reality, let us hope on ere we
Do cheat ourselves of both. And if we find
We had o'er estimated what did come,
We've had at least the joy of looking for't,
And are so much the winner.

ENTRE EUGENE (*In uniform.*)

Augusta. Eugene!

Josephine. This is a happy surprise Eugene!
How long since you left Italy?

Eugene. I came
With Joseph Bonaparte, Junot
And an escort that brought the trophies
Of our victories. You letter too.

Augusta. Eugene!

Josephine. How fares the General?

Eugene. Did he not
Express it to you?

Josephine. Oh, yes! But tell me,
Is he indeed well? For he ever puts
The fairest face on every thing.

Eugene. He was,
When I did see him last, in *perfect* health.
Traces of care do seem to line his face
Which only lend a finer dignity.
Aside from this,
And that he has some stouter grown, he is
As when he quitted France. He bade me add
The fairest words I knew, to what he wrote,
And then assure you *all* was but a tithe
Of that rice tribute he would pay to you
Were words more eloquent.

Augusta. And spake he not
Of me?

Eugene. After remembrance, and his love,
He left the rest to me, wherein he said
You would find more delight. To sweet Hortense
He sent a hundred kisses and this ring,
The one I give now and the others will
Before I go.

Josephine. So he remembers all!
How rich is he in every tender thought
That lends to manhood the fair lustre of
Of loves constancy.

ENTER A PAGE.

Page. Madame Therese de Talien

Josephine. Say that I attend her.
Come, Hortense!

[*exit Josephine and Hortense.*]

Augusta. How slowly have the hours dragged, Eugene.
Yet am I paid for all a thousand times
In this sweet moment on your breast.

Eugene. For this
I have many dangers braved, Augusta,
Yet count them all as naught. I would add more
Yea wer't to cross a continent of foes
And every foe an hundred Austrian's strength!
This moment! this! awaiting me, would nerve
My arm to wield a sword against them all.

Augusta. Speak on, Darling, and oh let me hear
The music of thy voice. It has been long,
So long, since I have listened to it, love.

Eugene. Do you remember how at my feet
You used to sit, the while I told,
In fondest words I knew, my love? And then
Would hold up fairest pictures of the life
In store for us? What castles did we build!
What happy visions rose before us then.
But none that equaled this reality.
There was one look, sweeter than all the rest,
You gave to me at times. It was a look
You could not give unto another, for
Your very soul was couched in it. There! There!
It beams up to me now! Oh my Darling!
—How that one look has nestled in my heart
Through all the weary hours of my absence!
How has it cheered me when all else was vain!
How like a light from heaven let down to me
Illumined my path, and as a beacon
Brought me back to you!

Augusta. Speak on!
Oh there is a melody that lifts to heaven
In your voice! I love to hear you praise me,
Not for the praise, but that it tells me of
Your love. Speak on!

Eugene. Nay, Darling, for you love,
Your very beauty robs me of my words.
What eloquence could rise to such a theme?
Yet, since it does delight you, I will tell
Of a fair scene in Italy, where oft
I'v sat and looked, and dreamed, and wished for you,
And that it were our home.

A sun-lit vale
Where perfumed grasses were all interspersed
With flowers rare and rich. Fair jasamine,
With breath only less sweet than that wherein
Your kisses nestle, magnolias, dasies,
Roses innumerable, heliotropes
And thousand other sweets, the zephyrs bore
Through bower and glen and circled round my head
In eddying swirl. There seemed a melody
Of song, to rise from grass and flower, and
The birds caught this and carried it into
The higher measures of their dulcet strains!
Then it did echo through the glen until,
Following down the fringes of the stream,
That ran just through the center of the vale,
It lost itsself upon the boundless sea.
Here and there were little groves,
Some larger and some smaller, lovely all,
And tinted with a thousand hues of green!
And some old trees, staid warders of the vale,
Were rich with clambering arbutus,
Or roses that crept up their massive trunks,
Or other vines, innumerable found,
That sought the very topmost bows, to peep
Out first in loveliest blossom and catch
The morning glory of the sun.

Fair clouds
Were ever blushing in diviuest tints,
Casting the softest shadows on the vale
Beneath. And but one charm was wanting.

Augusta. What?

Eugene. Your presence Darling! Then 'twould nothing lack
Of heaven for Eugene.

RE-ENTER JOSEPHINE.

Josephine. (*To Eugene.*)
Some deep design
Is working now against us, something new.
Barras is at the bottom of't again.

Eugene. What have you learned? 'Tis well that I am here.

Josephine. Yes, for we'll have a trusty messenger.

Eugene. What is't? Impart.

Josephine. A scheme is now on foot,
Laid by the crafty Barras and Gohier,
By which our General is to be betrayed
Into the hands of Boulieu.
Botot
Is sent as secret messenger to day
To help despatch this business.

Eugene. Of whom
And by what means is all of this known?

Josephine. Our friend, Therese de Tallien.

Eugene. But how,
And by what fortune learned she this?

Josephine. From him,
Le Monsieur himself, o'er whom she has
An absolute control. For know, he is
At once a pliable and simple fool
In presence of a pretty woman.

Eugene. Well then, he may be useful made to us,
More than Barras and the conspirators,

For we have the most witching loveliness
In France.

Josephine. A pretty compliment? Our thanks?
But we have little time for such to day.

Eugene. Are others implicated in the plot?

Josephine. Only by inference; as he himself
Is not committed in a way that we
Could use as evidence.

Eugene. We will mature
Our plans and by to.morrow after him.
(*offers to go.*)

Augusta. But why such haste away where go you now?

Eugene. It is the hour when the directory
Will be surprised with what we did bring back
From Italy. They are in waiting for me.
My duty done, I will return to you.
(*Exuent.*)

SCENE II.

LUXEMBOURG.

THE DIRECTORY.

CARNOT—BARRAS—LAREVEILLIERE LEPEAUX—REWBELL—LETOURNEUR—SECRETARIES AND SOLDIERS.

Carnot Presiding.

ENTER A COURTIER.

Courtier. "General Joseph Bonaparte, Junot and Beauharnais, with tidings from the seat of war in Italy."

Carnot. Immediately admit them!
(*Enter Joseph Bonaparte and Junot followed by courtiers bearing standards.*)

Joseph Bonaparte. Citizen Directors
The General of France sends greeting you
Trophies of victory from Italy,
And humbly lays them at your feet, as at
The shrine of France.

Carnot. Sends he no detail
Of affairs? Though quite enough to fill our hearts
With joy, the standards of our beaten foes,
We are most eager but to hear report
Of how 'twas all accomplished.

Joseph Bonaparte. (*Taking the banner on which was inscribed the* Bulletin.)
He has indeed great victories to tell
And on our flag has caused them all to be
Inscribed. (*Reads on one side.*)

"To the army of Italy. The greatful country." (*Reads on other side.*) 115000 prisoners, 170 standards, 550 pieces of battering cannon, 600 pieces of field artilery, 5 bridge equipages, 9 sixty-four gun ships, 12 thirty-two gun frigates, 12 corvetts, 18 galleys, Armistice with the King of Sardinia, Convention with Genoa, Armistice with the Duke of Parma, Armistice with the King of Naples, Armistice with the Pope, preliminaries of Leoben, convention of Montebello with the republic of Gonoa, treaty of peace with the Emperor, at Campo Formo, Liberty given to the people of Balogna, Ferara, Modena, Massa Carrara,

La Romagna, Lombardy, Bressera, Bormio, The Valentina, The Genoese, The Imperial Feifs, the people of the departments of Coreigra, of the Aegean Sea, and of Ithaca.

Sent to Paris all the masterpieces of Michael Angelo, of Genercino, of Titian, of Paul Veronese, of Corregio, of Albano, of Carracu, of Raphael, and of Leonardo da Vinci."

(During the reading of this report, Barras has shown evident signs of displeasure. Carnot on the contrary is greatly excited—As the report progresses all rise to their feet. Carnot comes down from his chair Tearing the clothes from his breast he displays a minature of Napoleon which he had concealed there—Holding it up to Joseph Bonaparte excitedly—

Carnot. Tell your brother
That I do wear him next unto my heart!
(Then turning to the Directory.)
Go fire your guns! Ring wildly every bell!
Scream with the fife! Let the shrill bugle tell
With clang of steel and the unmuffled drum
And loud huzzas, that victory has come!
Fire, Fire the guns! Let deep toned thunder roll
Throughout Great France, filling each patriot soul
With victory's shouts, uprising from the heart!
Vive la Republic! Vive le Bonaparte!

All. *(except Barras.)*
Vive la Republic! Vive le Bonaparte!

Shouting, Cannons, Bells and Drums without—Scene changes to Paris Illuminated.

CURTAIN FALLS.

ACT III.

Milan.

SCENE FIRST.

Drawingroom of the Palace of SERBELLONI.

Bonaparte and Eugene are discovered reading journals from Paris.

Bonaparte. Contemptible!
I cannot understand why ~~that~~ this is
Permitted. It is within the power
Of the Directory to punish as
For any other treasonable words,
For *we* are France, no less! and these attacks
Against us personally, are no less
Than against our France.

Eugene. Such silence is no less
Than tacit acquiescence, and but proves
The sympathy of the Directory
With those, your enemies, and jealousy
Gainst you.

Bonapaate. This is the import of it all.
And yet cannot I understand why they
Should be so blinded to the interests
Of France, nay even their own interests

Most selfish, as to let this jealousy
Creep in and so dispoil them in a night
Of all the vantage they might borrow from
The lustre of my star—They cannot think
That I will patiently endure this long!
Do they not realize that I have power
To *crush* them, each and all, as with this hand
I crush their filthy evidence of spleen?

(*He takes up another journal*)

There's language here that bears
The spirit of Barras, unless I miss—
Why here are his very words! Can it be
Possible he should be such a bungler,
As to permit his eccentricities
Of speech to thus betray him in the print?—
So—So—I'll have a closer eye on you
Monsieur Barras!

I never trusted him
Eugene, you know I never trusted him.

Eugene. And I myself do find a keen delight
Now as ever in despising him—

Bonaparte. That is unworthy of you Dear Eugene.
Great Souls do not descend to it. Nor this
Nor envy ever dwells within the hearts
Of the truly great. In youth 'tis pardoned,
But must be out grown. These wasps may sting us,
And the sting may itch, ther's poison in it,
So, it may fret the skin, but that is all.

(*Reads.*)

"He keeps the plunder"—Rare rhetoricians!
To what do they refer?—"He does affect
A heartless despotism, overrides
All law.

Why this abominable.
To "*affect*"! To "affect *despotism*"!
What masterly invenomed slander this!
I like the knave and will requite him for't.

I am humiliated, feeling that

They have the power to annoy me thus.
I never shall be truly great I fear.
Eugene—it is these little things that fret
And so disturb us, more than all else
In the vicissitudes of life—Henceforth
Let us look above and far beyond them.

[*exit.*]

ENTER JOSEPHINE.

Eugene. Mother,
There's none I may approach but you in this
That weighs so heavy on my heart. Pardon!
And hear me:
For years I have admired,
Nay loved, nay more, adored Augusta.
She has been the object of every hope,
Ambition, prayer. Oh, I have worshiped her!
My highest pleasure was alloyed with pain
Unless she shared it with me. Greater joys
Were quite impossible. I could not know
A happiness without her, but with her
Was continual ecstacy.
And she—
She loved me, it did seem, even as her life.
"Think of me when you will," she one time wrote,
"I am ever thinking of you Darling,
And loving you, oh very, very dearly!"
Enough.—She loved me then.—But now, no more!

Josephine. I do appreciate this confidence.
You have my fullest sympathy, Eugene.
But may I know the cause of all this change?

Eugene. When I know. I have been too fond I think;
I shrined her goddess in my heart, and she
Would soar now far beyond me.—I but pray
That from her airy height she ne'er may fall.
To have entombed her, easier had been
Than this, for then her spirit had remained
With me. But now our souls are seperate
Throughout eternity!—Oh God!—

Josephine. Eugene!—
Why this is madness boy! Come, tell me all,

And I may help you.

Eugene. What help can come
To one whose life is gone? She was my life!

Josephine. 'Tis said, the resurrection.

Eugene. But from this
May no new life be born. All, all is lost!

Josephine. Not all, Eugene, you have your mother left.
And sweet Hortense.

Eugene. Ah yes, I know, I know!
I love you very dearly, but my heart
Did worship her! It knows no heaven beyond.
For you, and for Hortense, I'll leave—a name.

Josephine. Eugene
Speaks like himself in this. And yet, why *leave*
A name? Why not share your hours with us?
You now are in the morning of your life,
And glory seems already hovering close
About your head. You will be great, Eugene,
And good, I trust.

Eugene. Shall love step out
And greatness enter? Farewell to glory
Were much easier said than farewell love!
One is of earth, the other infinite.—

Josephine. But come, you have not yet conveyed to me
The evidence that she is false to you,
You may be rash.

Eugene. Rash! Hear me and then judge.
As well you know, 'tis near what should have been
Our wedding day, which was to celebrate
Her quick return from Berlin.—
Her absence
Bore full heavily upon me, for I,
It seemed, could only think or dream of her—
With her, how different the sequel shows.

Though, when she said farewell, she wept
Right bitterly—She must have loved me then.

At first her letters in succession came
As she had promised them. So eloquent,
In sweet simplicity of Love, that I
Was lifted into rapture. Followed then
Less frequent, shorter, without interest.
Till, from my friends, I learned that she had been
Attended close and constant by Botot.
To day she did return, a week before
I did expect her, and with this Botot,
Who was still near her, but an hour ago.
With me she has not deigned to meet.

Josephine. Eugene,
I think that I do understand it all.
Wait my return.

[*Exit Josephine.*]

Eugene. She almost bade me hope, when there is no hope!
From such a fall as this we may not rise.
A brilliant life will happ'ly shorter be—
E'en as a falling star, whose light goes out
When its effulgence most attracts our view,
So shall my glory through this little world,
Blaze like a meteor in the firmament
And then go out forever!
Oh farewell!
Farewell Augusta! Now am I resolved!

(*Re-enter Josephine, gives letters to Eugene*)

Josephine. This did I find in waiting for you.

[*exit.*]

Eugene. (*Reads.*)

My Dear Eugene.

I have just dismissed Monsieur Botot as I have no further use for him; having learned all that was necessary to assist M'me. Bonaparte in her plans to save the General from a plot that was to deliver him in person into the hands of the enemy.

In as much as I have dismissed Monsieur Botot rather unceremoniously, since his attentions had become annoying to me, he may undertake to avenge himself upon you, and I thought it best to acquaint you at once with the situation. This will somewhat explain the past few weeks and

my sudden return, till I can see you. Do not keep me long in waiting for, after our separation, and the labor and excitement consequent upon the undertaking that has happ'ly terminated successfully, I am all impatience to meet you.

"Augusta."

Eugene. Can you ever forgive me
Oh my darling! No, you shall not wait long?

[*Exit.*]

SCENE SECOND.

Milan.

PALACE OF SERBELLONI.

The palace interior represents great luxury. Decorations, rare paintings &c., &c., adorn the walls. Festoons of drapery cover the ceilings, which are supported by marble columns. The scene is a large salon, divided into three rooms by marble columns. In room furthest back, a number of ladies and gentlemen.—In middle room are discovered Josephine and ladies. In front room Bonaparte—Eugene—Augereau and other gentlemen, in conversation.

Bonaparte. The Duke of Parma is unfortunate,
But, left where now he is, he'll do no harm,
And will no doubt serve well our purpose,
Carrying each order fully to its end
Which we do execute. But cut him off,
And give his dukedom to another, and
He will ever stir up strife and institute
Fresh intrigues. "Here he can be useful made
But elsewhere only hurtful." Tis policy
Without a compromise of principle
To continue him in office.—

Augereau. "But he is Bourbon, General,
A Bourbon."

Bonaparte. "Well then he is a Bourbon.—
Has nature therefore made him less for it?
I'st so despicable a family?
Because three Bourbons have been killed in France!
Follows it that we must hunt the others down?

Proscriptions falling thus upon a name,
A family, a ~~whole~~ entire class,
I never did and never will approve."
Those who do wrong ever should meet justice,
And, in so far as I have strength it shall,
And ever has been done. But never yet,
Nor ever shall my power be given
To strike the innocent for the offense
Of others. "Canst' punish France for the crimes
Of the *Sans Culottes?* You say the Bourbons
Are the enemies of freedom; they were led
To the guillotine under a right which
I do not acknowledge.

The Duke of Parma
Is weak—a poltroon—he will not stir---
His people seem to love him! for we are here
Yet they they rise not, they utter no complaint.
He shall continue then to rule as long
As he does pay what I exact of him.---"

ENTER the astronomer ORIANI, *attended by Courtier.*

Courtier. Le Proffesseur Oriani.

Bonaparte. We are indeed most happy Proffessor
That you do make one of our guests to day.

Oriani. "Ah, General this magnificence
With which you are surrounded, dazzles me"

Bonaparte. "Can it be such miserable splendors blind
A man who every night does contemplate
The far more lofty and impressive glories
Of the skies? "
Permit me, Professor,
To present you to Madame Bonaparte.

(*conducts him to 2nd room.*)

Madame Bonaparte
Le Proffesseur Oriani. Present
Our distinguished friend to the ladies.

(*returns to front room.*)

"Even Science bends before me! (*aside*)

ENTER THE MARQUIS MANFREDINI *attended by Courtier.*

Courtier. Le Marquis Manfredini; Ambassador
Of the Grand Duke of Tuscany

Bonaparte. Great honor do we feel in meeting
The Ambassador of Tuscany.
The more in that he is
The Marquis Manfredini.

Manfredini. Humbly our Grand Duke bows before
The Greatest Conqueror of Italy,
The General most excellent of France;
Sends greeting him a fervent friendship!
And in sincerity does pray,
He may find no less fame throughout the world,
Than he already has so nobly won
In Italy. Unto his sweet Lady,
Fit Empress of the throne of Love, he would
His homage pay as 'twere before the shrine
Of every heavenly virtue—
Only regretting that affairs of State
Make his own presence here impossible.
Yet, through his Ambassador, he begs
You will convey to him your pleasure and
Intent regarding Tuscany. For, though
Great confidence he entertains, as for
Every good and noble quality in
General Bonaparte, yet before power
There is always fear in breasts of those who
Stand so far beneath. He would assurance
Humbly crave of your good will.

Bonaparte. "Signor Marquis,
You remind me of a certain creditor
Who once did importune in modest phrase,
Coupled with great flattery and confidence,
The Cardinal de Rohan, "when he would
Be kind enough to pay him." "My Dear Sir,"
Said the Cardinal, "I pray you do not be

So very curious."—If your "Grand Duke,
Will only quiet keep, he will suffer
Little injury.
Allow me worthy Marquis to present
You to the Lady whom you justly praise.
(*escorts him to 2nd room, returns.*)
Have given out that we transact no more
Of business to day. (*to Eugene.*)

Eugene. The Ambassadors of Venice
Wait without.

Bonaparte. "Say that to Venice
I will an Attila be!"
Would they hear more, bid them come to-morrow.
(*steps to 2nd room.*)
Now, favor us with a sweet native air
Of Martinique. (*to Josephine.*)

Josephine. First, pardon me, the great artist, Le Gros,
Has long been waiting my command, and your
Good pleasure, for a sitting—you will not
Force us to wait longer *Mon Ami*!
(*All rettre to 2nd room but Josephine and Bonaparte.*)

Bonaparte. No, no, for so great folly
I have not the time. No, another day.

Josephine. But you will not refuse to sit by my side?

Bonaparte. Ah no, never!
(*He sits by her side—Josephine beckons to Le Gros.*)
ENTER LE GROS.
(*he commences the portrait.*)
Oh Strategy!
But I'll not endure it long!

Josephine. ~~Mesoure~~, Monsieur
Would you surrender your position?

Bonaparte. No, no, but this Artist's torment!
—Heavens! I'd rather face a cannon's mouth! (*rises.*)

Josephine. To-morrow, good Le Gross.
Another sitting.

Bonaparte. Only with such a throne

[*exit Le Gros.*]

ENTER COURTIER.

Courtier. The Princess Augusta
Requests immediate audience with
The General and Madame Bonaparte
And Eugene de Beauharnais,

Bonaparte. Admit her!

ENTER AUGUSTA *attended by Courtier.*

(*Courtier goes to Eugene.*)

Courtier. The Princess Augusta awaits you.

(*Returns with Eugene. Exit courtier.*)

Augusta. Was never treason yet more base than this
That I will now reveal to you.

Bonaparte. Impart!

Augusta. The plot was better laid than did appear
At first, and is in detail somewhat changed
Since our intelligence in France. Botot
Is superseded now by one who is
More crafty, dangerous, by far.

Bonaparte. Indeed!
How far has it advanced?

Augusta. Not yet so far,
Thanks once again to Monsieur Botot,
Or rather to his weakness, but they may
Be easy ta'en in it.

Josephine. Nay, we should say
Thanks to the Princess Augusta.

Augusta. But most
Is due to Madame Bonaparte, if we
Have time to express our thanks.

Bonaparte. We are
Indebted to you both beyond all words.

Josephine. No, not indebted, for there is no debt
When what we do is but for those we love.
Love only proves itself when it has reached
The last extremity for whom it loves,
And but receives its own when all is done
That may be possible.
—We did succeed in sending the despatch. (*To Augusta.*)

Augusta. Your messenger was apprehended, ta'en.
No time must now be lost.

Bonaparte. They have not power,
No, not were all the world in league with them,
To harm us. Fate sits supreme o'er all.
She will protect her son.
In this they may annoy,
No more!
Please call a courtier! (*to Eugene.*)

ENTER COURTIER.

My Secretaries! (*to courtier*)
[*exit courtier.*]

RE-ENTER Courtier with three SECRETARIES.

[*exit conrtier*]
The name of him who supersedes Botot,
If he is known by it! [*to Augusta.*]

Augusta. Not known by his name,
To whom you may employ. Yet may he be
Easy apprehended, as Botot's friend
Wearing a colonels uniform, arrived
But recently from France with M. Botot.
Send despatch to General Moreau.

Bonaparte.
[*To 1st. Secretary.*]
Citizen Directors.
I owe you an open confession, my heart is depressed and filled with horror, through the constant attacks of the Parisian journals.

[*To 2nd Secretary.*]
General Moreau.
Arrest at once Monsieur Botot and send to these headquarters.

[*To 1st Secretary.*]

Sold to the enemies of the republic, they rush upon me who am boldly defending the republic.

[*To 3rd Secretary.*]

General Joubert.

Your presence is needed at these headquarters.

[*To 1st Secretary.*]

"I am keeping the plunder," whilst I am defeating them, "I affect despotism," whilst I speak only as general-in-chief; "I assume supreme power," and yet I submit to law! Everything I do is turned to crime against me; the poison streams over me.

[*To 2nd Secretary.*]

Let him be attended closely but let no violence or insult be offered him.

[*To 1st Secretary.*]

Were any one in Italy to dare give utterance to the one-thousandth part of these calumnies, I would impose upon him an awful silence.

[*To 3rd Secretary.*]

Set out at once and travel with all possible haste.

[*To 1st Secretary.*]

In Paris, this is allowed to go on unpunished, and your tolerance is an encouragement. The Directory is thus producing the impression that it is opposed to me. If the Directors suspect me let them say so, and I will justify myself. If they are convinced of my uprightness, let them defend me.

[*To 2nd Secretary.*]

Treat him indeed, right civilly.

Bonaparte.

[*To 1st. Secretary.*[

In this circle of argument, I include the Directory with me, and cannot go beyond it. My desire is

to be useful to my country. Must I for reward drink the cup of poison?

[*To 3rd. Secrtary.*]

Bonaparte.

[*To 2nd. Secretary.*]

General Moreau.

Arrest at once and hold in close confinement the friend of Botot, who recently arrived with him from France, wearing a colonels uniform.

[*To Augusta.*]

Of infantry?

Augusta. Of infantry.

Bonaparte.

[*To 2nd. Secretary.*]

Of infantry.

[*To 1st. Secretary.*

I can no longer be satisfied with empty, evasive arguments; and if justice is not done to me, then I must *take* it myself.

[*To 3rd. Secretary.*]

General Marmont.

Arrest at once the Abbe Sergi and send to these headquarters.

Bonaparte.

[*To 2nd. Secretary.*]

Bonaparte.

[*To 3rd. Secretary.*]

General Moreau.

Let no movement of General Pichegru be unknown to you. He is plotting with the Bourbons.

Bonaparte.

[*To 1st. Secretary.*

Therefore I am yours. Salutation and brotherly love.

Bonaparte.

[*To Eugene.*] See that these despatches are sent at once.

This artifice,
That instigates employment of assassins—
Let them do their worst! Yet we defy them!

CURTAIN FALLS.

ACT IV.

PARIS.

SCENE FIRST.

Drawing Room of Compte de Barras.

Barras discovered sitting at table, rings. Several female Pages answer the call.

Barras. Perdition catch my soul,
But you are beautiful! And yet, I have
No time for you to day, my merry birds,
There is business ahead.
Stand each of you as sentinel, and see
That none come nearer than two rooms of me,
Save messeurs Gohier and Moulins, who will
Arrive within the hour.—Stay! Stay Marie!
I had forgot my wine. (*Exeunt Pages.*)
[*Re-enter Marie with wine. Exit.*]
Bonaparte is yet far in advance,
In spite of me and mine. He marches on
As if the world were his. With cunning spies,
Sent to his very camp, I have beset him,
And yet, no clue with which to humble him.

I strike him through the journals, strike him hard!
And too, my friends help me to hatch what lies
We think will be believed, but no avail.
And, as his victories come heralded,
I intercept reports and make them less.--
And yet, by some means, truth will leak, and, through
The streets, no sound is heard but that same damned,
Inexorable, worn out yell,
Vive la Republic? Vive le Bonaparte!
When first, in the Directory, I heard
These sounds, they filled me with alarm. But now,
They have become so commonplace, that, I
Sometimes, from policy, do use them.---Well,
More friends have I now in the Directory;
They now begin to wake! No more we hear
"Young Achilles!"---By Jove! he proves to be
A veritable Achilles, and we,
Poor specimens of Troy.

ENTER GOHIER AND MOULINS.

(*Voices without and cries of Vive La Republic! Vive Le Bonaparte!*)

What means this Gohier? Are the people mad?

Gohier. Bonaparte has just arrived,
And 'twas with difficulty I could pass
The street, so great the crowd, all seeing
Who could loudest cry Vive Le Bonaparte!

Moulins. And once they had me down
Yet luckily I did escape no worse
Than soiled gloves. Ah! Gentlemen, we'll have
A load off of our backs when he is gone.
His court at Montebello has
Not left an impress easily removed.
Dam'-me! but they made a perfect King
Of him, and, on his wife more honors heaped
Than she should have as Empress of the French.

Gohier. Yes, true! And Venice laid herself
To more ado than I should ask were I
King Absolute!

Barras. Gentlemen you forget; (*offering filled glasses.*)

First pleasure, then business. You know
I am not bound by musty adages.
How comes it that he does so soon arrive?

Gohier. You know he ever unexpected comes;
'Tis thus he wins his victories.

Moulins. He'll have a victory here to win, or we!

Barras. Well said! Monsieur Moulins.
Nor can we long delay. This fire new stamp
Of glory which he has, makes him to think
He can out general the world. Heard you
His letter, citing us our duty, as concerns
The journals, which some truths do tell of him?
By Jove! He'd dictate terms to heaven, for
His own reception!

Gohier. And undertake a battle with the hosts
Of Michael, an' they did dot cry Vivie Vive!
I heard of this great document, and think
It is damned impudent.
But, gentlemen,
We must prepare to meet him, now, or else
He'll meet us an' we are not ready for't.
I understand, his next great field of fame
Is Egypt.

Barras & Moulins. Egypt!

Gohier. Longs to carve his name
On the great pyramids of Egypt!

Barras. We'll let him carve!

Moulins. Yes, we will let him carve.

Barras. Monsieur Gohier, 'tis the right place for him.
Art sure he has this new ambition?

Gohier. I am quite sure he has so expressed it.

Barras. We'll take him at his word! Even before
He has time to repent the thought.
If he conquer all the East, as he has done

In Italy, I'll say he can have France!
Egypt! Ha ha ha! Egypt!
A health to the campaign in Egypt!

All. (*drinking.*) E-g-y-p-t!

Barras. But, we must make some demonstration
To receive this fellow, or the people
Will suspect us.

Gohier. Yes, he must be received
By the Directory, and publicly.

Barras. Yes! Yes! We too must play
The toady to this fledging! Was't not enough,
That all the high potentates and powers,
Whereunto he did come, should do him homage?
Nor satisfied, with this, but they must seek
Him, where e'er he graciously permitted!
Gods! They did squander gold in heaps upon
The palace Serbelloni, till he had
A proper place to show his "Queen," and they
To kneel to her. All Italy, and the
High aristocracy of Lombardy,
Vied with each other, who should unto him
Most humble be. Every Italien prince,
Even the Duke of Tuscany, brother
Of the Emperor, gave rich festivites
In honor of this God and Goddess!
Tis said the palace Serbelloni,
And its court, was quite a fair rival for
The Tuileries.
Then followed Montebello,
Seeking to o'ertop all rivalry.
And Venice, to appease him, made his wife
A veritable *Queen!* Jove, what magnificence!
I wonder they made not a bonfire of
Their town for her!
Now he comes to Paris,
Born as worlds conquerer, before the fools
Who throng the way! And we must do for him
The honors of our city, or else lose
Our place, perhaps our heads.

Moulins. If we lose not
Our heads at best, I shall feel satisfied.

Barras. What! fear you
This grand tyrant! We will trip him yet.
Look you! we will now give him fit applause,
As circumstances may demand, and I
Will receive him—*Embrace* him, if need be,
That all may see how we do *love* him!
Then, offer to him a field in Egypt,
Where he shall do this "carving" of which you speak.
And if he do return, as now he comes,
He other hands must thank than Barra's for't.

Gohier. Well said, good Barras!
And now, once more before we part, we'll drink
In honor of the Pyramids, where,
We'll help give this "Prince Bonaparte"
An Eastern Empire—four feet by six.
(*they drink.*)

Barras. There's little interest for us without,
Tarry, and we will test the strength of this
More thoroughly.

ENTER A PAGE.

Page. General Bonaparte and Eugene de Beaharnais.

ENTER BONAPARTE *and* EUGENE.

Bonaparte. We have surprised you gentlemen.

Barras. An honor that we do appreciate
Beyond our feeble words.

Gohier & Moulins. Most truly! yes.

Barras. Your absence wore so heavily upon
Us all, that this reunion is indeed
A happy one.

Moulins. Yes, happy one.

Gohier. We did regret that you so soon did take
Your honored presence from us, General.

Moulins. Yes, we did regret it.

Barras. Your absence is to us,
What your presence is unto the enemy,
Disaster and defeat.

Bonaparte. A truce to compliments!
So, let us to the business of the hour,
For 'tis for this we called to night.

Moulins. Business?
I hope we shall have something lighter
For to night.

Bonaparte. Patience, Mousieur! for I have been
Oh, very, very patient!—

Barras. We await
The pleasure of our guest!

Bonaparte. Nay, upon that
I am not sensitive, Necessity
Is law, and courtesy demands no more
Than this, or, if it does, will ere be found
A weak competitor.
Touching the matter
For our consideration for to night;
Can Monsieur Barras, or his friend Gohier,
Or yet Moulins, inform us as to what
The business was, of Monsieur Botot,
In Italy, by whom sent, paid by whom?

Barras. You are beyond me General.

Bonaparte. No doubt.

Gohier. And me.

Moulins. And me.

Bonaparte. Beyond you all, no doubt.
But come, to the purpose!

Barras. To what purpose?

Bonaparte. To *no* purpose, it would appear, unless
You are more direct. Come now, the question!

Barras. What question?

Bonaparte. Touching Monsieur Botot.

Barras. Ah, since you have reminded me, I think
The Government *did* send Monsieur Botot
Upon some secret service.

Moultns. Yes, you'r right.

Bonaparte. The Government? What department of it?

Barras. What else, but the Directory?

Bonoparte. Indeed!
What members of it? Come, impart!

Barras. We do not catch your meaning.

Bonaparte. Nor me—
Ther's something quite remarkable in this!
Perhaps then one of you may tell the how,
And why, Monsieur Barras did come to be
In secret council with a Chouan chief,
But two days past, whom he did entertain
Right royally, as more befits a Prince?
Or, if your ignorance in this shall prove,
As in the matter of Monsieur Botot,
—Since ignorance becomes proverbial
Sometimes and follows in unbroken chain,
As doth the matter called in evidence—
You may refresh your minds with this and this,
And tell me, what you think would be the fate,
Should be the fate, of those base intriguers
Who offered to supply the means, by which,
The General of France in person, should
Be placed within the power of Beaulieu?

Barras. For the reports our enemies do make
We are not responsible. Of this
Of which you speak we are most ignorant.

Bonaparte. Answer you for all? So, I understand you.
—The secret service of Monsieur Botot,
And other secret service of the kind,

Are known as well to me as the base hearts
Who did employ in it. The potent means
By which I have been thoroughly informed,
Tell me of secret conclaves, dark designs,
And weak schemes numberless, to overthrow
My power, yet all have fallen harmless,
As all must fall who are opposed to me.

Barras. What we could do we have done to expose
These villians.

Gohier. Yes, we have done our best,
To circumvent them, here, and everywhere.

Moulins. Indeed we have, you are quite right, we have.

Bonaparte. Can it be possible? Why, Beauharnais,
Look you upon these men! Duplicity
Ne'er had a name till now! Oh precious knaves!
But see! their faces like as ours do bear
The stamp of immortality!---How calm!
Was ever innocence protected by
More placid mien?---And yet these are the same,
The self same traitors, who sat in council,
Less than an hour ago, to ruin me.
This is that same Barras who did embrace
And fawn upon me when I did return.
And these, his creatures weak, but pliable.

Barras Beware! The voice of the Directory,
The great Directory of France, rests in
The three you have accused---Look well to it!

Bonaparte. What! Threat you me before my very face?
Why, here is now assurance worth a cause!
"Beware!"---Ye gods! What impudence!
"Beware!" Why, Beauharnais, this is a feast
Beyond comparison!
When neath the shadow of the Pyramids,
We'll have this to refresh us, this "Beware!"

Barras. We've had at least enough of this!

Eugene (*drawing*) That's easy proved-- (*Barras draws*)

Bonaparte (*to Eugene.*)

What! And would you put yourself
Against such carrion? Shame upon you!
Austria would refuse to cross your sword
Wearing such blood upon it.
Hear me now! (*to directors*)
Ye miserable hangers on of time!
Ye would be such arch conspirators, but that
Ye lack conception for't—
The affairs of State,
Wherein fair genius and the shrewdest wins,
I leave you as before, open unto
All competitors. Malign as you will,
Join all the arts of Mephistopheles
Unto your own. Lo, I defy you!
Tis not within the power of man to harm me.
But if I trace to you a word, or look,
Or aught in any way reflecting on
The fair name of my family, now hear!
By the Great God, I swear, I'll visit you
With vengeance swift as my wrath!
So, farewell!

[*Exit Eugene and* Bonaparte.]

Barras. Think you that Carbon and St. Regent could
Be ready within the hour?

Gohier. Let us confer
With them.

Barrns. Ho, now, away! To horse! To horse!
By every god I swear I will not sleep
Till he is done for!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE SECOND.

Private Parlors of M'me Bonaparte.

(*Josephine discovered.*)

Josephine. Oh God! What feeling is't
To be accused by one so dearly loved!
How I did fly to meet him, and alas!
Only to miss him on the way. He came
And found the house all desolate! and then
Believed he all that calumny had spoke
Of me, believed me false to him, oh heaven!
He will not see me, two days have gone
And yet he spurns my presence! Must I die,
And without his love? Worse, suspected
Of unfaithfulness! Of base betrayal
Of my virtue! 'Tis too much! Oh too much!
Oh God too much!
Yet, yet I forgive thee!
For those thou hadst for friends did tell it thee—
Those nearest thee by blood. And too thou found'st
Thy house all dark and comfortless! With none
To welcome thee, not one! Nor wife, nor child
For which thou hast longed! No! No! Not one!
Thou didst anticipate thy pleasure ere
Thou cam'st—A wife, to rush into thine arms
With thousand burning kisses and embrace,
Ere thou hadst reached the city's gates. And yet
Didst pass from street to street, still no wife's form
Did rise above the throng.—Then on thou pressed,
Unto thine house; rushed through the halls, each room

All through and through, and still no wife was there!
"Where, Where is Josephine?" the answer,
"At the the banquet"—"Knew she of my coming?"
"In her presence twas announced." "God! Oh God!
Tis true! She's false!"
Plead for me Angels!
Oh heaven defend me, ere I shall go mad!

ENTER BONAPARTE.

Bonaparte. Josephine!

Josephine. *Mon Ami!*
(Falling into his arms.)

SCENE THIRD.

A Street in Paris.

(*Barras and Gohier discovered.*)

Barras. Is all ready?

Gohier. Waiting but his coming.

Barras. Then shall we see
If that his goddess will protect him now—
Carbon and St. Rejeant, are they paid?

Gohier. Not till the work is done.

Barras. That is well thought.
Who will apply the fuse?

Gohier. St. Rejeant's self.

Barras. The place?

Gohier. The Rue St. Nicaise.

Barras. Can they fail?

Gohier. I hardly think it possible, as they,
Carbon and Limoelan, will watch
The progress of the Consul's carriage
As it shall leave the Tuileries, until
The time to give the signal to St. Rejeant.

Barras. Let us then begone! The hour approaches
And we must not be seen.

[*As they go off the stage, a rumbling noise is heard, followed by the appearance of the guard and carriage of Bonaparte.*

The Scene then changes to the Rue St. Nicaise, where a cart is discovered with the infernal machine in it. A little girl holding the horse and St. Rejeant off at one side.

The carriage passes. After which an explosion. Scene changes back, the carriage passes safely.]

RE-ENTER GOHIER & BARRAS.

He did escape us,

Barras. But all the powers of hell shall not save him!
God, how his words do rankle yet in me!
Now to our wits, and the new enterprise.
We'll find no time for leisure from this out.
Monsieur Gohier, art certain of your chief?
These Chouans are as dangerous as they
Are desperate.

Gohier. Fear not! I know my man.
Besides our gold, he's wedded to our cause
Through an old grudge against the General.
Such men forget offences only when
They are revenged. Seemed he not ready
When you spoke to him?

Barras. Too much so, I thought.
The fellow had his plans all quite matured.
He was too zealous. Plans so well defined
Suggested to my mind, a counter plot,
Having its origin in subtler brains
Than his.

Gohier. Oh, never fear! I know him well.
Trust to my judgment in this matter
And he will requite us all.

Barras. Why, he did know
The very day on which our Gorges came.
And Biville cliff was as well known to him
As my chateau to me.

Gohier. Most certain 'tis,
And every dangerous path
Between Deippe and Treport, he does know as well.

Barras. He saw the very cable, from the cliff
Decending through the cleft unto the sea;
Saw Georges sieze it, and then, by its aid,
Climb up the precipice, Then in their turn
Each of his followers.

Gohier. Why should he not?
Since he of that same passage has, for years,

Been a most constant warder.

Barras. Can it be?
Why did you not impart all this before?

Gohier. Matters of graver moment took its place.
What says the general Pichegru,
Touching Moreau?

Barras. He finds him more ready
Than pliable.

Gohier. I do not understand.

Barras. Moreau shuffles cuts and deals for Moreau.

Gohier. What, stands he not with us?

Barras. Only so far
As we do stand with him. In his own glass,
Fondly presuming that it is the world,
He gazes steadily; Seeing himself,
Himself alone, and cannot understand
Why this great central figure stands not out
In bold relief to others as himself.
Another meeting is appointed now,
With George's, at his safe retreat, Chaillot.
Tis hoped to bring about an understanding.
But poor Riviere is driven to despair,
And talks but of the apathy of France.

Gohier. He lacks in courage and tenacity.
Wer't not for Madame Bonaparte, I'd chance
A fortune on our quick success. But she
Has all the eyes of Paris after us,
And for herself I think she never sleeps.
But see, the dawn already is upon us!
We must be gone. (*Exeunt.*)

(*Enter from one side a citizen from the other several citizens*)

1*st. Citizen.* Vive La Consulate! Vive Le Bonaparte!

2*nd. Citizen.* What now fills you so full good friend? What news?

1*st. Citizen.* Bonaparte is made of France First Consul
And for life! Vive! Vive! Vive La Consulate!

All. Vive La Consulate! Vive Le Bonaparte!

2*nd. Citizen.* But this sudden change,
Tell us how came it.

1*st. Citizen.* Even as he wins,
By strategy! But more anon. Enough
To know he has o'erthrown his enemies
In the Directory and Consulate!

2*nd. Citizen.* And too the enemies of all, and of France.

1*st. Citizen.* (*singing.*) He will give us peace and plenty, Vive! Vive!

All (*Singing.*) Vive Le Bonaparte!
He will make smile the land of France!
Vive Le Bonaparte! Vive Le Bonaparte!
[*Exeunt Singing.*]

SCENE FOURTH.

The Council of the Five-Hundred.

LUCIEN BONAPARTE (*Presiding.*)

(*Confusion.*)

Gohier. Citizen President;
We must a new election hold at once.
There hangs no less upon it than the fate
Of the Republic—

1*st Member.* Such haste but shows
Base cowardice!

2*nd Member.* Shame! Shame!
(*Cheers on the Right.*)

3*rd Member.* Such language is
An insult to the Council!
(*Cheers on the Left.*)

The President. This must cease,
Or we will end in anarchy.

Gohier. I rise to ask if the member's charge,
Of cowardice, means to apply to men
Or measures?

1*st Member.* To both!

Gohier. Then I hurl it back
And challenge to a test!
(*Great Confusion.*)

Barras. This is madness!
Are we devoid of reason? Hear, oh hear!

Who is to profit by this senseless strife?
The Great Republic? No. Nor you, nor I,
Nor either of these factions! Such a course
Can only end in the destruction
Of us all! Who seeks the good of this, our France?

1st Member. Not Barras!

3rd Member. Shame! Shame!

1st Member. Conspirator!
Behold the arch consprator!

Voices. Conspirator!

1st Member. Tell us of Georges, and the Chouans,
Whom you employed to do the murder of
Our Bonaparte!

Barras. I ask again,
Who seeks the good of this our France? Let him
Propose a sacrifice that he will make,
And I will clasp his hand and go with him
To his extremest measure, even life!
What then, are we through passion to lose all?
In this extremity, we are but ripe
For anarchy. Ho, Patriots! would you feel
The Despot's iron yoke upon your necks?
The Usurper comes by stealthy strides,
And even now is at our gates!

ENTER NAPOLEON AND EUGENE.

See! See!
Even at my word he comes! Away with him!

3rd Member. Down with him!

Another Member. He is a traitor!

Another Member. Cromwell!

Several Voices. Down with the Usurper!

Bonaparte. Citizens, hear me!

Voices. Down with him! Traitor! Traitor! Usurper!

Bonaparte. Will you not hear me?

Voices. No! No! Down with him!

(*They rush towards him. Eugene has signaled the Grenadiers at the door, who surround him.*)

A Voice. Down with the Usurper!
He brings soldiers to overawe us!

Bonaparte. Who Loves me, let him follow me!

(*Marches out guarded by Grenadiers. Shouts without—Vive le Bonaparte.*)

Bonaparte.—[*At the door*] Protect
The President of The Five Hundred!

(*Soldiers with Eugene at their head march in and escort the President out. Confusion.*)

CURTAIN FALLS.

ACT V.

SCENE FIRST.

NOTRE DAME.

THE CORONATION.

Pantomime.

Upon the opening of this scene is discovered the interior of Notre Dame, decorated with unequaled magnificence--Hangings of white velvet, sprinkled with golden bees, suspended from the roof to the floor---The roof of beautiful azure and brilliant stars.

The throne of the Emperor and Empress represents a monument within a monument, between two columns, supporting a pediment upon which is a representation of the crown of Charlemange.

This throne has drapery of crimson velvet under a canopy. Is reached by semi-circular steps, carpeted in white, spangled with golden bees.

On the left is seen the throne designed for the Pope, with drapery of white velvet, over which, a pediment supporting a diamond cross.

Directly in front of either throne, in the centre of the stage, is the altar, of white velvet, on which is seen the Scepter, the Sword and the Imperial crowns.

The Prelates are discovered on either side of the throne intended for the Pope. The Bonaparte family, on either side of the throne of the Emperor and Empress.

At the right dignitaries of state.

Enter POPE PIUS VII.

Arrayed in white, he approaches the altar--kneels, then ascends his throne.

The Prelates approach and salute him

ENTER NAPOLEON and JOSEPHINE.

They approach the altar and kneel--Pope descends from his throne, comes to altar, holds his hands over them in blessing.

Napoleon raises his head and is annointed by Pope on forehead, arms, and hands. Pope then takes sword--Napoleon rises--Pope holds sword as if blessing then girds on Napoleon. Then offers to take crown, but Napoleon quickly reaches it himself and deliberately places it upon his own head. He then takes the crown of the Empress, and, as she is still kneeling beside him, places it gently on her head, then raises it and replaces it coquettishly to one side. Then taking her by the hand she arises

The Pope then blesses scepter and gives to Napoleon.

The Emperor and Empress ascend their throne.

The Pope then advances to the foot of the Grand Throne and raises his hands in benenediction.

SCENE SECOND.

PALACE IMPERIAL.

THE EMPEROR'S PRIVATE PARLORS
DIMLY ILLUMINATED.

Napoleon. Thus far has Fate the firm alliance kept.
Thus far through scenes of fratricidal strife,
And bloody, devastating, frightful war,
From conquering to conquer, led her son.
Till now great France and all her power, lands,
Rivers, seas, immensity of wealth,
And teeming millions of brave chivalry,
Are but the subjects of his scepters sway!
But, oh, great Goddess! at what price is this!
Unto that last, dark, dismal sleep, thou'st sent
Unnumbered hecatombs of human forms,
From which to raise this sad renown!
The sighs, the tears, the anguish of despair,
The body's torture, and the soul's defeat,
The wailing millions of a world attest!
Oh, Goddess! Who can measure that great cup,
Wherein has been contained the sorrow's depth,
Which thou hast forced the world to drink for him?
Eternity alone!!
And soon there will come, even for thy son,
The end that is decreed for all. To sleep
That long last sleep, which goes forever on,
Without a dream! Goddess where then thy son?
On whom shall the Imperial mantle fall?
Childless, thou leavest him to reign alone!
Across the dark abyss of death, no tie!—
Canst' *bridge* the awful chasm?—Oh! No! No!

I will not cross on it!! Oh, Josephine!!
—I did defy
Your power for her! Is this the penalty,
My fruitless loins? —I did defy, and, lo!
I do defy you still! I will not pay
Ambitions price! It is too dear! too dear!
No! No! I will not pay ambitions price!
Josephine! My Josephine! Oh save me!
Save me!

[*enter Josephine ; he rushes to and embraces her*]

Here! Oh, here is my ambition!
My peerless! peerless wife!

Josephine. Dids't thou call me?
Wherefore with voice so wild and sorrowful?

Bonaparte. A hell of ugly dreams environed me!
Thou wilt not leave me?

Josephine. Why such a question!
My noble one, knowest thou not my love?
Oh I do love the beyond worlds!

Bonaparte. Yes! Yes!
My own! My precious one! Lead me away.—
I would have rest.

[*Exeunt.*]

RE-ENTER JOSEPHINE.

Josephine. Ah, he has struggled hard 'gainst Fate,
And I forgive him, though he cast me off.
How, by each slender thread, we cling to hope,
Only, at last, to meet a sad defeat!
When he did constitute, his heir
Apparent to the throne, his brother's child
By Sweet Hortense, the crown prince of Holland--
Then, on bright wings of hope, I sailed, at rest,
Serenely through love's sky. But, ah! Alas!
Death claimed him for his own! And, from hopes heights,
I fell on craggy disappointment, bruised
Even unto the heart.
Then named he Eugene "Italy's vice King,"
And added to his name, "our crown's great heir."
Then! Oh, then this golden chain, let down
From heaven, lifted me, once more
Unto the dizzy realms above the clouds!
But ah, by one word, severed was this chord,
And now I lie. bleeding upon the earth,
Where all that's left is dreadful fear! Waiting,
But without hope, for what shall come..
Still! Still he loves me!
Loves me beyond his soul! But oh, thou Fate!
Imagination's Goddess! Round him
Thou exerci'st a charm more strong, by far,
Than Josephine! Ambitious appetite
Thou whet'st, with base deceiving promises
And threatening forms, as of command, until
Thou seem'st indeed a veritable power!
Oh finite mind how incomplete art thou!
Help me to be resigned, sweet heaven!
And ye who dwell around the throne, sublime,
Eternal, of the King of Kings, look down
On wretched Josephine! Then plead with Him,
Who is your Sovereign Lord, that she may have
That peace which He alone can give!
No! No! It cannot be! I cannot lose thee!
Give thee unto another!! Oh Monstrous!!
Monstrous!!

[*exit.*]

RE-ENTER NAPOLEON.

He sits at table.

(*Paper and writing materials before him.*)

Takes up pen to write.—The pen drops from his hand.

Napoleon. Thou wouldst not tremble so
To sign thy death warrant! The arm of Fate,
The hand that holds the destiny of France,
Should bear a steadier nerve.
Ah, thou has shown thy loyalty
To Josephine!
Now, what thou owest to France!

(*Writes.*)

(*Rising.*) 'Tis done! Oh, Goddess!
I have paid the price!!

(*Exit.*)

SCENE THIRD.

EMPEROR'S CABINET.

JOSEPHINE is discovered attended by Augusta and Hortense.

ENTER NAPOLEON

Attended by Eugene, the King and Queen of Naples, the King and Queen of Wesiphalia, the Princess Borghese, the Chancellor Cambaceres and Count Regnaud de Saint Jean d' Angel. The two latter as officiers de l'etat civil for the Imperial family.

Napoleon advances to Josephine, speaks to her. She comes down the stage, supported by Augusta and Hortense.

Napoleon. (*Reads.*)

"My Cousin Prince Arch-Chancellor:—I sent you a closed letter of this day's date, ordering you to present yourself in my cabinet, that I might make known to you the resolution which I and the Empress, my very dear spouse, have come to. I was very glad that the kings, queens, and princesses, my brothers and sisters, my brothers-in-law and sisters in-law, my step-daughter and step-son, become my adopted son, should be present at what I had to make known to you.

"The policy of my monarchy, the interest and the necessity of my peoples, which have constantly guided all my actions, require that I should leave after me to children, inheritors of my love for my people, this throne on which Providence has placed me. For many years, however, I have lost the hope of having children by my marriage with my well-beloved spouse, the Empress Josephine; this it is that induces me to sacrifice the dearest affections of my heart, to hearken only to the good of the state, and desire the dissolution of our marriage.

"Arrived at the age of forty, I may concieve the hope of living long enough to bring up after my own mind and my own views, the children it shall please Providence to give me. God knows how much such a resolution has cost my heart; but there is no sacrifice too great for my courage, when it is demonstrated to me that it is for the good of France.

"I cannot conclude without saying, that far from having ever had reason to complain, I have, on the contrary, only ecomiums to bestow on the attachment and tenderness of my well-beloved spouse. She has embellished fifteen years of my life; the memory of this will always remain engraved on the memory of my heart. She has been crowned by my hand; it is my desire that she retain the rank and title of Empress, but above all, that she never doubt my sentiments, and that she always hold me for her best and dearest friend."

Josephine. (*Reads.*)

"With the permission—

(*Hands MS. to M. Regnaud.*)

M. Regnaud. (*Reads.*)

"With the permission of my august and dear spouse, I must declare, that retaining no hope of having children who may satisfy the requirements of his policy and the interests of France, I have pleasure in giving him the greatest proof of attachment and devotedness that was ever given on earth. I owe all to his bounty; it was his hand that crowned me, and on his throne I have received only manifestations of affection and love from the French people.

"I think to evince my gratitude for all these sentiments, in consenting to the dissolution of a marriage which is now an obstacle to the good of France, which deprives it of the happiness of being one day governed by the descendants of a great man, so evidently raised up by Providence to efface the evils of a terrible revolution, and to re-establish the altar, the throne, and social order. But the dissolution of my marriage will make no change in the sentiments of my heart; in me, the Emperor will always have his best friend. I know how much this act, commanded by policy, and by such great interests, has rent his heart; but we both of us glory in the sacrifice which we make to the good of the country."

(*Josephine falls.*)

Napoleon, with folded arms, regarding her.

Josephine. At last! At last!
The end has come. And now I pass beyond
Those scenes where, with our happiness, ever
Must be intertwined grief's bitter stings.
Now! Now those visions of my youth
No longer are concealed. Time's hand hath traced
In living letters all.
Swiftly they speed
Before me, one by one—and now return,
In life like form, to tell me of the past.
—Yes, more than Queen wast thou, Oh, Josephine!
—What? What? My hammock! Mary's voice!—The Sea!
The Sea!
—Was't even so? How true to history.—
Speed! Speed! My eyes do weaken—Oh, I would
See all ere I depart.
Tis gone! Tis gone!—

Again they come! But different forms—
The future! Ah, the future! Oh, tell on!
—Confusion—war—once more a throne!

[*Aparition of Louis Napoleon.*]

Hortense!
Hortense, behold your son!

[*Aparition of Napoleon IV.*]

And his! And his!
The Fourth Napoleon!
Great France! At last your happiness has come.
—Part, part your elements, etherial dome!
Bright Angels, it is finished! Bear me home.
Farewell, oh earth! Farewell Napoleon!

[*Dies.*]

All withdraw except Eugene, Augusta and Hortense, who fall on their knees by the side of Josephine. Napoleon, as before, silently regarding her.

As Josephine's last words are concluded, THE ISLAND OF ST. HELENA is disclosed, against which the waves are dashing, enveloped in clouds. The clouds are lifted, when, the grave of Napoleon is discovered, THE SPIRIT OF THE DEPARTED JOSEPHINE hovering over it.

[CURTAN FALLS.]

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